Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewde thou makeſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prin. O God they did me too much injurie,
That euer ſaid, I harkened to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world
And ſaude the trecherous labour of your ſonne.
Kin. Make vp to Clifton, ile to *S.* Nicholas Gawſey. *Exit K.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prin. Why then I ſee a very valiant rebell of that name,
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keepe not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Now ſhall it Harry, for the howre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee
And all the budding honours on thy creſt,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falſtalffe.

Fal. Well ſaid Hal, to it *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall find no boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falſtalffe, he fals downe, as if he were dead, the prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haſt robd me of my youth
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me,

They

They wound my thoughts, worſe then thy ſword my fleſh
But thought's the ſlaue of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes ſuruay of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could propheſie
But that the earth, and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art duſt
And food for

Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit
A kingdome for it was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is roome enough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of curteſie
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, ile thanke my ſelfe,
For doing theſe faire rites of tendernes,
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtalffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke farewell,
I could haue better ſpard a better man,
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee
If I were much in loue with vanity,
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray
Imbowelde will I ſee thee by and by:
Till then in bloud by noble Percy lie.

Falſtalffe riſeth vp.

Fal. Imboweld? if thou imbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eate me too to morrow, Zblood, twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a mã, who hath not

the